

TIRKBRIDGE was a small village in one of the midland counties. It was a quiet, old fashoned place, looking clean and picturesque with its whitewashed cettages, cobbly causeways. quaint old church and long stretch-

es of green sward bordering the road upon which it stood. Half a mile beyond it was a small though thickly set wood, belonging, as did the village itself, to Mr. Robert Brotherton, of The

Mr. Brotherton was not popular in the willage. He was rarely at home in the large house with the high tower, from which the country could be seen for miles around, situated at one end of Surkbridge, and which was his nominal residence, and when he did occasionally, for a few weeks, occupy The Towers, his haughty manner to the villagers and the indifference he displayed to the small grievances in which they semetimes wished to interest him, as their landlord, did not propossess them in his in-

For twenty years Mr. Brotherton, having succeeded his father at the age of 25, had owned The Towers and the estate belonging to it, unwedded; and be had come to be regarded as a confirmed bacheler. When at length it became known that at the ripe age of 55 he was about to marry, a considerable amount of surprise and curiosity was manifested, especially as the bride was rumored to be a young foreign lady of great beauty. The marriage never came off. On the morning preceding the day on which Mr. Brotherton should have proceeded from Stirkbridge to London to claim his bride

he was found dead in Stirkbridge wood, The sleepy old village was roused to a ferment of excitement, especially when day after day passed without bringing the discovery of any clew to the murderer. proved by the fact that the wound which had been the cause of the death was such as could not have been self inflicted. In spite of the unpopularity of the victim, the atmost interest was evinced in the steps taken by the authorities for the dotection and capture of the perpetrator of the crime. But he remained at large, unpunished, his crime one of those mysterious deeds which now and again buffle the most stremuous efforts of the police, and by and by Stirkbridge, becoming umble to extract fresh matter for discussion from the subject, let it drop, relapsing into its former condition

of bucolic tranquillity. Twenty years passed, bringing with than few changes to the village. The owner of The Towers now was a nephew of the late Mr. Brotherton, who had inherited the whole of his uncle's property. He never resided at The Towers, disliking a country life, and, unlike Mr. Brothertin, he was accustomed to let the house. The last tenant, who had now been in possession more than five years, had owen the place on a long lease. He was not an Englishman—no

one know experts; what his perty was, some saving Spanish, some Hallan -but his English was tolerably well spoken, be having in boyhood lived much in England. He was, in appearance, except for the remarkable brilliancy of his dark, deep set eyes, an old man, gray haired, hollow cheeked, wrinkled and bent in form. His manner of living was plain in the extreme. The Towers was a large house, and during its occupation by other tenants it had possessed a large staff of servants, but Mr. Straughnessy employed only three-a house keeper, a housemaid and a page, with occasional help from a village gardener. He fixed in almost hermit like seclusion, never, except for an infrequent early morning ramble through the wood, or when upon certain stated occasions he left Stirkbridge for the day, being seen outside his grounds, and refusing admittance to all listors. He was considered odd, occontric, "a bit toucked," by the villagers, though Mrs. Driffield, his housekeeper, said he seemed same enough, a little perhans because of the strictness with which he preserved his seclusion, but chiefly be-

The inreest room in The Towers was a long, low apartment, from which a narrow winding staircase led to the tower, which had been built to satisfy a whim of old Mr. Brotherion's, the murdered man's father. In this room Mr. Straughmessy spent the greater part of his time, and since his occupation of the house no one but bimself had been allowed within it, he locking the door both upon entering and leaving it. Such a preceeding could scarcely fail to arouse some curiosity, particularly in a place like Stirkbridge, where small things were langely magnified by gossiping tongues, and where the dearth of larger interests made even the most travial drangs of its inhale tants established and contingous orbjects. for conversation, and Mr. Strauchnesse and his mysterious chamber came to be looked upon by some of his humbler

mse of a strange habit they had learnt

from his servants be indulged in.

The occasions upon which Mr. Straughnessy was necustorned to leave Stirle bridge were when, once a quarter, he went to Berrichester, a manufacturing Stranginessy's desire to be rid of town fifty miles distant. What was the purpose of his visits to Berrichester was not known, but regularly, with one ex- means of judging, and when Thursday ception, since his coming to Stirkbridge came round they departed, Mrs. Driffield had be, the first week in January. April, and the boy, who was her nephew, to July and October, made his excursions thither. The one exception had been when nearly a week of soaking wet weather had come one October, only one day, Friday, being tolerably fine; and Mr. Stranganessy among his other peculi- for Berrichester, returning in the afterarities was intensely emerstitions, beweving Friday to be an unlinear day, and men and some lungage. For several being unwilling to travel upon it, he had days the men remained, sleeping at The put off his journey until the week fol-

neighbors with a certain amount of awe

atmosphere warmer than is usual for that time of year. About noon, several ing for a couple of trains which were whether the alterations mentioned, but | Mary remembering there were certain | plays even the stronger of us. Mary har | served to influence a decision as to describe the stronger of us. Mary har |

Straughnessy's bent figure slowly meanventured to address him, and to none ago. Those portions of the house that did he youchsafe a greeting. He stood looking nimlessly down the line in the direction from which his train was expected, apparently oblivious of all around him, until he was startled from his abstraction by the approach of a gentleman -a short, stout, good tempered looking man in clergyman's garb-who had just entered the station, and who in hearty genial tones accosted him.

"Good morning, Mr Straughnessy he said, holding out his hand, into which Mr. Straughnessy very reluctantly placed his own. "Glad to see you out a "ne morning like this. Better for you if you took a little trip somewhere more often. Eh! Don't you think so? By the way," with a jovial laugh, "I have a commission to perform in which you are concerned-a special message to you from a lady."

A suspicious from from the old man rewarded this sally, and bending his shaggy browed visage close to the smooth face of the reverend gentleman, he shot upon him a glance, so threatening, so canny, so malicious, as to cause him involuntarily to shrink back In a moment, however, the good natu. ;d parson

recovered his usual equanimity, "Poor old fellow!" he thought, "If he continues in his unhealthy secluded style of living he will go from bad to worse-from a little queerness to dangerous marness. Nothing like moping for unhinging the brain." Aloud he continued: "My wife declares she thoroughly offended. You have fused to see us twice lately when linve called at The Towers. You have refused to visit us. And she wants you to stone by attending our bazor next What do you say? Will you

Mr. Straughnessy advanced still closer to his interlocutor, and his thin lips earted in a repulsive grin, revealing his aming teeth, as in poculiar guttural iones he enunciated the following extraordinary speechs

"A death's head at a feast. A skeleton upon the hearth. A madman at a bazar, Ah! Ah! Ah! the end of the peal rising almost to a shrick, and causmy several persons near to regard him with redoubled attention.

"Good heavens!" thought the vicar, He's worse, fifty times worse, than he was three months ago. He's simply frightful, beyond the reach of any influence of mine, I'm afraid." And with the basty remark, "Ah, my train, I see, good morning," the Rev. John Barristaw

As near an approach to a smile as was ever to be seen on Mr. Straughnessy's grim countenance now momentarily

"I think I've settled him at last," he muttered. "Confound him. He's taken a vast amount of time Jearning his lesson of leaving the alone. Year after year has he pestered me in this way. While his lady wife, with her airs, and her graces, and her subscription lists, hanging about my doors, has driven me nearly mad-nearly made me the old lunatic the intelligent villagers imagine me to be. Well, well; I think I've settied the Rev. John Barristaw now And, still mumbling to himself, he climbed into his train and was carried away.

One morning, a month after the occorrence of this little episode, as Mrs. Driffield, after receiving her master's orders for the day, was about to retire from the dining room, where her daily audience with him usually took place, he called her back, saying he had some pleasant news for her.

the other servants as well. I want a few repairs doing to the house, and a few little alterations that I think it would be more convenient to have done while it was empty. They will not take long to do, perhaps a week, or a fortnight-and I am going to give you a formight's holiday."

"Yes, sir. Thank you, sir," said Mrs. Driffield. "But some one will be wanted just to look after the place a bit, sir, won't there?" see respectfully inquired.

"I shall do that," replied Mr. Straughssy. "I am not going away myself. I wish to superintend the workmen. I shall have my meals brought from the Red Lion, and 1 dare say some woman from the village can be got to attend here an hour or so a day.

"Yes, eir, no doubt," agreed Mrs. Drif. apron. field, trying to prevent the surprise she was feeling expressing itself upon her face. Mr. Straughnessy was reversing the order of things to which she had been accustomed. At her other situations repairs had been conducted, along with painting, etc., during the family's alsence, the servants remaining behind. And when are we to go, please, sir."

"The sooner the better," replied Mr. Straughnessy, "As soon as you can manage to got ready. How long would

that be, do you think?" Two or three days would be long mough, sir; just time enough to write and let our friends know when to expect us and to get ready for us. We're none of us Stirkbridge folks, you see, sir; so

"Then we will say three days from now; that will be Thursday," interrupted Mr. Straughnessy. "That will do quite

The servants were well pleased at the prospect of a holiday, but their pleasure did not prevent them experiencing and expressing some wonder as to the motive for which their master thus sent them off, They did not accept his reason as the correct one. They had heard no previous mention of alterations and there was little repairing needed. Their suspicions naturally jumped to the conber had something to do with Mr. them, but whather their conjecture was well founded or not they had no visit some friends at Berrichester; the housemaid to her home in a neighboring

Upon the morning of the Monday following Mr. Straughnessy left by train noon accompanied by a couple of work Towers, their meals served along with Mr. Straughnessy's from the Red Lion. Cot. 1, 18, was a fine bright day, the and a woman from the village attending sky but sparsely flecked with clouds, the for an hour or two a day. After their departure Mr. Straughnessy continued as

shortly due within a few minutes of each not specified by Mr. Straughnessy, had duties she had forgotten in the flurry other. They stared hard when Mr. been carried out; but, so far as she could see, the interior of The Towers was the dered on to the platform, but no one same as when she had left it a fortnight



"The moner the better," replied Straughnessy had seemed most in need of improvement were unchanged, and she came to the conclusion that the work done had been, as she had anticipated, within the mysterious chamber.

TT. It was a raw November night. Fog, with a tendency to a drizzling rain, had prevailed throughout the day, and the roads of Stirkbridge were saturated and the cobbles darkened with moisture. It was 9 o'clock, and with the exception of a solitary figure hurrying along the high street, no one seemed to be abroad. The lights of lamp and fire were shining from many a cottage window, and the sound of loud laughter and of the clinking of glasses came through the doors of the Red Lion.

The solitary wayfarer was the page boy from The Towers, and, judging from alarmed expression of his face and the speed with which he came dashing up the street, without overcoat or umbrella, his errand was an urgent one. About the middle of the village was the house of Dr. Loton, the Stirkbridge medical practitioner, and it was on his door

step the boy paused.

He rang the bell, inquired for Dr. Loton, and was told the doctor was

"The master's been taken ill," he gasped, his breath coming quick and short, "very ill. They think he's poisoned 'imself."

'Good gracious!" ejaculated the man who ind answered the door. "Well, I may be required to lend us a helping that crude and unfinished hand."

Bring me a light," he si er un, was Mr. Straughnessy, I'll tell the doctor at once. Lucky 'e 'appens to be in."

Dr. Loton was informed his services were in immediate request at The Towers, and drawing on his topcost he at once proceeded thitherwards, in company with the boy. Swiftly striding along, he questioned his companion as to the circumstances surrounding the case. He elicited the facts that the poison taken was laudanum, and that Mr. Straughnessy had been accustomed to induce sleep by its means, though never, as upon this occasion, before retiring for the night. Arriving at The Towers he was met at the door by Mrs. Driffield, who, pale and discomposed, ushered him upstairs to Mr. Straughnessy's bedchamber, the room in which he had been found, laying back in an easy chair, motionless "I am going to give you a little holi-day, Mrs. Driffield," he said; "you and "Poison" lying by his side. Huddled up in the chair, his lips apart, his eyes closed, one arm thrown over the back of the chair, his fact gray and pinched, he was

> a chastly sight. The doctor took the nerveless hand hanging over the chair in his. After a while, "He is dead," he said quietly.

> "Dead!" repeated the bousekeeper. "That was what I fenred." "When did you last see him alive?" the

> doctor inquired. "I saw him just after dinner today,

> "Did you notice anything strange in his demeanor? Did he seem in his usual

spirits-not depressed at all?" Mrs. Driffield considered a moment before replying, her fingers nervously twisting the fringe of her black silk

"He was very quiet, sir," she said at length, "but that he often was, He wasn't one to talk much to his servants. low I think of it, though," slowly, "he tid look graver than ordinary."

Dr. Loton meditatively subbed his chin with his hand, a Habit of his when thinking. He remembered how many times he had heard Mr. Stranginessy sken of as not being in the full posseson of his mental faculties, though Mr. Barristaw had often asserted he was merely a little odd-nothing more. Even the vicar, however, had inturly run with the popular verdict, giving as his reason for the changing of his opinion an account of his last interview with the old maz, when he had been both shocked and starting by the wildiness of his man-ner and words. He (the doctor) was strongly inclined to suspect Mr. Straughssy's death had not been caused by an accidental overdose—as the housekeeper on first seeing him had suggestedof that it was a case of suicide-suicide

hile in an unsound state of mind The tenor of his thoughts was here inrupted by a succession of loud piercg shricks, in which was a sharp tone ch startling suddenness, breaking the sfore undisturbed quiet of the house. and following closely upon her introduc tion to the idea she plainty saw Dr. Lo on entertained, and which had not preated itself to her mind before, that Mr. traughnossy's death was suicidal and not the result of an accident-they comstely threw Mrs. Driffield off her bal-She sank trembling into the near st chair atterly unmarked, while eve Dr. Loton experienced an unpleasant tialin, remembering that strange stories ad been circulated through the village oncerning the man who now lay so stiff and still, incapable alike of committing

good or ill. their master's sudden illness, his strunge ways, the mysterious locked room, and last many a rear." by and by-though this was not in conction with Mr. Stranglinesty, save as kind-the murder in Stirkbridge Wood, lare say you will have beard of the For some time they had sat thus, then trange tricks imagination sometime

consequent upon the discovery of Mr. Straughnessy's condition to perform in Mrs. Driffield's room and her own, rose and left the kitchen for the purpose of

attending to her neglected work. She ascended to the rooms, which were near together, by the back or servants staircase; but after completing her task, she found that her candle, which she had carelessly snatched up from the kitchen table without remarking its shortness, was burning so low that the movement of carrying it downstairs would be likely to extinguish it. The back staircase was in darkness, but the front stairs, leading past the closed room, were faintly lit by a lamp shining from one of the landings. so she determined to return to the kitchen by the latter way.

Blowing out her candle, she ran down a short flight of steps connecting the landing on which was her room with the front staircase, and arrived opposite the mysterious chamber. Great was her astonishment at seeing that the hitherto jeniously locked door was a iar.

She stood-fascinated by a desire, now that the opportunity lay before her, of mastering the secret hitherto hidden, but repelled by a certain sense of awestaring with wide open eyes at the door. She longed, yet dreaded, to approach it, and after a while-after a good deal of hesitation-she did draw near to the room, and pushing the door further back looked in. It was the terrified screams she emitted upon seeing what the interior contained that had so startled Mrs. Driffield and the doctor.

Uttering shriek after shriek she fled away down the stairs to the room in which she believed Mrs. Driffield still was, bursting in with an affrighted cry of "Oh, eir! Oh, Mrs. Driffield! Oh, Mrs Thiffield"

"What is the matter? What has alarmed you?" asked the doctor in quiet, sooth-

"Oh, sir!" she again ejaculated.
"What is it, Mary?" said Mrs. Driffield. Try and tell us, there's a good girl." I've seen a ghost," said the girl, with a convulsive shudder and a glance of apprehension towards the door, as if in ex- the darkness in an unlifelike manner. pectance of the appearance of the cause of her fright. "Mr. Brotherton's ghost. seeing a faint smile curl the doctor's lips. "I knew Mr. Brotherton by sight when

my dying oath of it, sir."

Mrs. Driffield did as she was requested, but Mary, shaking with nervous fright, was unable to render any assistance whatever. The body removed Dr. Loton was about to leave, when Mrs. Driffield stopped him with a question.

"Will there be an inquest?" she asked "I don't see how it can be avoided," replied the doctor. "It is tolerably clear he died from an overdose of laudanum. Whether the laudanum was administered with suicidal intention or not, is not at all clear; but either way, an in-

quest would be held. As I saw him

first, I think you say, was as you found "Yes, sir; exactly like that. His supper had been laid and the gong sounded -he kept very old fashioned hours, dinner at 12, supper at 8-but he hadn't come down; so, after waiting nearly half an hour, I came up to his room, knocked, but there was no reply. knocked several times, and at last, being afraid something was wrong, 1 opened the door and came in. The blind was drawn down, the lamp lit and he was lying in the chair just as you saw him, sir. I spoke to him, and touched him, because I thought at first he was asleep; but when I bent down-I am is nothing but a picture," rather short sighted, sir-and looked closer, and saw what his face was like, enter the coartment, but Mrs. Driffield and noticed the bottle, that in the morn- brought the lamp from Mr. Straughing had been nearly full, empty, I nessy's bed chamber, and handed it to

"You did quite right," replied the doctor, "Well," with a last look, before rome, my girl," he added to Mary, see-

ing she was still in a great state of terror; on't be so foolish. Take my word for it. Thosis don't exist out of any one's imagination.

"But I saw it, sir," she insisted, "with my own eyes. It was no fancy. I wasn't thinking anything about ghosts, nor nothing like them, until I saw it all shining like out of the darkness at the end of the room. It was Mr. Brotherton, or his gbost. And I must leave the house. I wouldn't stay another night in it for

"What! Will you leave Mrs. Driffield all alone here except for the boy? Surely you cannot be so selfish -so silly. Como take me with you to the room you speak of, and see if I don't show you your supposed ghost is all moonshine."

"Oh, I daren't go there again, sir. daren't if I was killed for not going," cried Mary emphatically,

"Tell me how I can find it, then," he said. He thought that perhaps if he interror. Coming us they did-with spected the apartment and found the cause of the girl's fright-some trifling thing he had no doubt but that it would prove to be-he might be able to set her fears at rest. It would, he knew, he extremely inconvenient to Mrs. Drittield for Mury to leave her just them and he wished, if possible, to induce her to re-

"I can show you the way, sir," said Mrs. Driffield, "if you really wish to go. It is not far from here-on the next anding. But do you think it is well to go? You have not lived in the same house with Mr. Straughnessy like my have, and you don't know what strange ways he had. I haven't much faith in phosts and spois like myself; but still Meanwhile the housemaid and the shaking her head, "the master was a page had been sitting together by the ouser man, and there's no knowing what when tire. They had been discussing he may have had in a room that no one -none of us, any way-has been in this

"Pooh! peeh!" said Dr. Lotte, with chile. "You are a sensible woman, hire. ne weird topic leads to another of like Disfileld; surely you are not afruid.

peen a little upset by the suddenness of Mr. Straughnessy's death, and so became | suicide, or whether his death had been an easy prey to hallucinations. That is

He went out into the passage, followed by Mrs. Driffield, and at a distance by Mary, who preferred comparative near-ness to the scene of her fright, in company, to remaining in the death chamber Directed by the housekeeper, he ascended the stairs at the end of the passage, to the landing above, and with quick, firm steps approached the large apartment, from which a narrow winding staircase led up to the tower. He was a tolerably brave man, but a chill of -if not exactly fear, some feeling akin to it-passed over him as he looked Englishman traveling in Italy. He was through the door-half open, as Mary had left it-and beheld what was within, and here sent to school. During the come in the person of his list love, Tewhile Mrs. Driffield, who was close behind him, drew back with a slight cry.

out the darkness two figures seemed to page or valet, and put within his reach | confess his crome and dir, and wmething shine as if containing light in themselves instead the advantages of an artistic in her words suggested the idea that he and being independent of the darkness | training. around them. One of them Dr. Loten recognized at once as the former owner to see whether his protege would justify confession—that it about the in the shape of The Towers-the man murdered in the hopes he entertained of his winning of a picture representing the committal Stirkbridge Wood. The other was a a high position in the world of art, and, of the deed. stranger to him-a handsome youth, dying childless, left a yearly income to with a dark, foreign looking face, glow- the young Italian, on condition that he was, as I have said very superstitle body had been found-there were the lad would make famous.

III. mistaken," she continued, vehemently, close to the figures. He had never I was a girl. I remember him as plain "Nonsense," replied the doctor. "You ness—the rigidity—characterizing them him at Monte Carlo. foolish girl, you have let your imagination run away with you." And he deed nothing more alarming, more forturned towards Mrs. Driffield. "You midable, than representations on can- been possible, their mutual love, must assist me to place the body on the vas, drawn and painted by a masterly bed, please, Mrs. Driffield," he said. "It | hand, and at a distance remarkably lifewill be better there. And Mary, you like, but upon nearer inspection some-



Bring me a light," he shouled to the women, "You need not be afraid.

Mary still could not be persuaded to

thought he was ill-had perhaps taken the doctor. By its light the picture too much laudanum, as I'd heard of could be plainly seen, even at a dispeople doing, and I sent Tom for you at tance, to be but a picture. Deeply interested, Dr. Loton examined

it, making an important discovery. Beneath the figure of the young man was leaving, at the pale face on the bed, "I written, with white paint, the date of think there is nothing further I can do the murder, and the name-Antonio in the matter at present, so I will wish Stranghnessy. He drew Mrs. Driffield's you good night, Mrs. Driffield. Come. attention to this fact, asking her if she could detect any resemblance in the dark handsome face to that of old Mr. Straughnessy. She studied the features attentively, then said:

The eyes are something like Mr. Straughnessy's were, I think, sir. He riage, how life with Mr. Brotherton had very bright eyes; they med to look almost as though they were on fire, sometimes, and-yes, there is something like Mr. Straughnessy's about it. But

"It means, I think, that Mr. Straughnessy was Mr. Brotherton's murderer," replied Dr. Loton, "Though why the truth should be revealed in this strange fachion is a riddle I cannot guess.

But Mr. Stranglinessy must have been a middle aged men when the murder took place, and time man here is quite young," objected bles. Driffield, who was a quick witted woman.

"Dissipation, remorse, the restless workings of a half conscious, sometimes ag a people in a wonderfully short said the doctor. "However, I had forgotten the murder was committed so recently - about twenty years ago, was it not? I wonder," musingly, "if he had a son who could have been the "I don't know, sir," said the house-

keeper. "He never speke to me of one; but, as I said before, he never talked much about anything to his servants." "Mr. Brotherton's likeness, so far as I remember him, seems to be an extremely good one. I wender how that was done

"There's a portrait of Mr. Brotherten in the house, sir," said Mrs. Driffield. it's hung in the blue room ever since he had it painted. Mr. Straughnessy might have copied from that." "Ah yes, very likely," said Dr. Loton,

rurning away. "Well, I think one thing at least appears clears if Mr. Stroughnessy had not intended committing anicide, he would not have left the door of this room unlocked. But whether er no he was mad when he took the faial dose, it might be bard to determine."

At the inquest held over the body of Mr. Straughnessy, little further information was elicited that might have

whether the deceased had committed the result of an accidental overdese. Neither was anything more, likely to settle the question as to whether Mr. Straughnessy had been Mr. Brotherton's murderer, disclosed; the picture, with its significant date and signature, however, seeming, to the minds of some, to point unmistakably to his guilt. The full facts of the case were never known in Stirkbridge, but briefly they were as

Mr. Straughnessy was an Italian, the son of Italian peasants. As a lad he was self as he might, they were gaining on remarkably handsome, and his good him. Desperately by struggled on, but looks struck the fancy of a wealthy brought to England by the Englishman. progress of his education he gave evilence of artistic talents of such high The room, save for a faint haze at the order as to induce his patron to change him unharmed, and after they had gone further end, was in darkness; and from his original intention of taking him as she talked with him. She urged him to

The Englishman did not live, bowever.

two larch trees, with the little mossy After the death of his parron young path running between them-and there Straughnessy-as I will henceforth call was fierce anger depicted upon both him-proceeded to Rome, where he studfaces, but especially upon that of the ind in the studio of a celebrated Italian younger man, one of whose hands was painter. Here, at the age of 10, he met in the act of drawing a knife, that had and loved a beautiful girl-a countrythat what he saw was the scene of the was studying, and whom he saw in the murder, and that the clive complexioned studio. She returned his affection with man with the knife was the long sought | fervor, but being the child of a proud, murderer. He did not wonder at Mary's though not wealthy family, she knew a kind of postical justice that his no-Mr. Brotherton, lifelike, and yet with tively poor artist would be rejected by requisition for a purpose which, if it did an inanimation and a curious haze about her mother and brother, and her meethim, unlifelike, and shining out from ings with him were claudestine-condueted with the utmost secrecy.

Upon the completion of the portrait Dr. Loten did not stand long think- Teresa and her family, consisting of the Him as was murdered. I couldn't be ing thus. He advanced into the room, mother and brother before mentioned, left Rome on a visit to Monte Carlo seen a picture thrown into artificial Straughnessy, loving with all the ardor prominence by means of lights placed of his hot southern nature, completely behind it; but he had heard of them, absorbed and carried away by his pasas ever. It was him or his ghost I saw and he believed this was one now before sion, could think of nothing but Teresa. up in the master's room, I could take him. As he saw the figures more dis- He determined to follow her. A week tinctly he perceived that the wooden- after the forming of this decision found

There were several meetings between While the heart of the beautiful Teresa

had been filled with the passion of love, those of her mother and brother had been filled with the passion for play, "Bring me a light," he shouted to the Night after night they sat late at the crowded gambling tables, eagerly watching their luck.

Fortune turned against them. Their losses grew deeper and deeper. They went too far. They beggared themselves and Teresa. .donly the interposition of a gentlem a with whom they had become acquainted at Monte Carlo saved them from utter pecuniary disaster. He lent them money, advising them to endeavor to retrieve their losses by further play. They lost again. And when the gentleman - an Englishman of the name of Brotherton-asked in lien of payment of what they owed him the hand of Teresa in marriage, possessing as they did no other means of repaying him, they saw no way out of the difficulty.

when Teresa was informed of their decision she was overwhelmed with grief, but, true to the manner of her rearing, she did not question the right of her mother to dispose of her in marriage Besides, the family honor was at stake and she, proud of her noble blood, could not willingly allow it to be smirched. It was her fate that she should marry this ugly, middle aged, prosaic Englishman and do her best to forget the handsome Italian, with his dark eyes glowing with love's fire and his soft deep voice vibrating with love's tenderness, and she must re sign herself. Neverthelesa, her trouble was real and great, and her lover, seeing how she suffered, felt his own suffering at the prospect of losing her redoubled, refusing to accept the doctrine of resignation she preached to him.

When the Paillieus, accompanied by Mr. Brotherton, left Monte Carlo for England, Straughnessy followed them, and in London, even while the bridal robes were in process of preparation, found occasion to see and speak with Teresa alone. A comple of days before that fixed for the wedding they met, and in a wild burst of grief, forgesting her leason of resignation, Teresa con fessed how full of loathing was her hears at the thought of her marseemed to offer her nothing but a dull wretchedness, and how her mind was torn with grief at the thought of parting with Straughnessy. Straughnessy had learnt from Torons

the name and residence of Mr. Brotherton, and with some but half formed purpose in view of seeking an interview with him to beg and implore him to relace Teresa, even at the last moment, from her engagement, without allowing the famly honor to suffers of offering, himself to may by degrees, even if it should cost him all he possessed, the sum for which breads relatives were indebted to him. he proceeded to Stirktmage. Early on the morning proceding that fixed for the wedding, wandering in the Stirkhridge ides from a portrait Tieresa had shown him. He made a passionate appeal to form, imploring blim to set Toron free As might have been expected by any one sequalisted with the owner of The Towers, his unsophisticated pleadings met with a cynical, half amound, half con temptuous refusal. Biraughos sy's tem per rose. His entreaties were changed to curses, and, in a mad fit of anger, as his rival turned to leave him, he drew a knife he was in the habit of carrying. and inflicted the murder us blow,

Immediately afterwards he left Stickoridge, walking to a town some miles literary, and from thence he went by train to London, en soute for Paris. His relations with Terest had been a secre etwizt the lovers themselves; he had not been especially retoarked by any one is Stirkbridge and no suspicion that he was in any way connected with the murder was entertained by any axte erem herself, and she revenied nothing omegamently be escuped without pur cuit, and he remained in Paris, unme insted, for several years,

He plunged into a course of recklers

ous iliness. Recovering, he again oos tinued in his vicious carear, end to drown his misery and folly, and again was taken ill. From the latter illness he rose with wrinkled face and gray hair, his appearance that of an old man,

He would have again sought to deaden feeling in dissipation, but for something that happened during his convalescence While he slept one night he had a curious dream. He thought the detectives were on his track, that down a long white road they were pursuing him. He was footsore and weary, and, exert himin vain, they were close upon him. A few yards further pursuit and they would have secured him, had not intervention resa. By some mysterious power she caused his pursuers to pass on, leaving should use the high artistic talents be had never property developed, in the

The idea germinated in his brain. He ing black eyes, and strongly marked should change his limitan patronymic to he had imbaked from his mother all the brows. They appeared to be stand-ing upon the spot upon which the name the old man fondly believed the persuntry, and he seement among the Italian had not destroyed his belief in them, and it seemed to him his dream was an omen, a warning, and that if he disobeyed its injunction, it would be his fate to be handed over to the hands of justice to suffer the ponnity of death by His horror at the thought of ending his apparently been concealed on his person, woman of his own, of the name of Teresa his thus was great, but he was too from beneath his coat. Like a flash came the conviction to Dr. Loton's mind painted by the artist under whom he quietly and painted by the artist under whom he and he determined that the length of time he should take to paint the picture should be his last on earth. It s fright. There stood the exact image of the suit of an unknown and compara- blest gifts should be thus brought into not lead to his legal punishment, would at least serve to blacken his name forever. How he carried out his superstitious, half mad idea has been told. The reason why he dismissed his servants for a fortnight, was that he wished to remove the tell tale picture from its usual resting place in the locked chamber, pending cer'ain arrangements to be effected by the workmen for the lighting up of the picture, and feared that with the women in the house he would find it a difficult matter to remove so large a canvas without their knowledge; one of them might have come upon him in the act, recognized Mr. Brotherton's features, and discovered, or suspected, his secret before he was willing it should be disclosed,

dits Noone Was William. "What are you doing there, daughter! It's time for breakfast," called a congrusman to his only child as she stood by the front win-

dow in patient watting.
"It's all right, paps; I'm only waiting for the Bill to pass," she replied assetly, and the father called the roll and the beefsteak and proceeded to the bustness of the morning our.-Washington Post,



"Has she no pride-no self respect? How can she permit that fello# to smoke while they are promenading on the avenue?" 'Oh, that's Charlie Van Ninny, and she's

afreid people wouldn't know it was a man.

There is a young member of a dielogratic corps in this city who is disposed to be polits, who is not always judicious. He was conversing with a lady who combines intelable degree of majurity. ave enjoyed talking with you very

much," he said. "It is a pleasure to be in the society of some one who has observed the ther. Mr Brown," she said, hughingly, perhaps I am not so old as I look.

"I was always sure of that," he returned, with all the gallantry of manner that he sould number. - Washington Post.

Why They Pleased Him.

Suburban Railway Official Straveling in-ecg, on his own line. They say there has been some famil found with the lamps on Prosecute. No. or. On the contrary, they

are exactly the blad of burge I blue to see Hallway Official-highly pleased;--I presume you are a professional man? Passenger-Yes, sir. I am an occiliet.-Ex-

His Lordship-There's I've dodging it, you know, but one does now the influence of &

Non-But we have a leisure class His Lordship suspiciously; -I haven't med them. Wite and they! His Cur plainters and messager boys.-

He Could Say the Same.

"I year by you good," sin cried, "before norting you? sever level mortal man."
He clutched her with an eathurisetic grasp mornishing in a vision whose every accept

"And I during out my the same of the time before I mor you, "-Friedelphia Times.

All Tucter butted.

New Clerk-I notice some of these barrels of apples are murked X, and more Z. Are ther different annie!

Design Way, some thed, but differently packed. Home continues want a barret

round at the bottom and some at the top-

His Little Fon.

Charles Lovelus (who sees a chance to say something really bright) - Weally, Miss Squelcher, you wented me of a cownner's Mon Squidner-Yes? Why, pray? Charley Levelou-Way, you as on a body

so, you know - Life. Can't Be Debted.

Have you read Smithers' book?"

Why, you said in your review that It was

* great story."
"Well, that's, all right, firedness held been gard him to the good Design